

The exercises in the big tent began at two o'clock, with singing. Rally around the flag, led by Prof. Hank. Gen. Enoch is here to speak, and Gen. Powell will be here at four o'clock, and will speak this evening. The appearance of rain will perhaps cause a falling off in the attendance, but come out, friends, and hear Gen. Powell, and the other exercises.

The following is a list of the members of the First Ohio Heavy Artillery who have registered, up till to-day (Thursday) at noon, with company and post-office address:

- H. C. Miller, Dand G. Jackson;
- T. R. Butler, B. Ironton;
- E. C. Jones, H. Jackson;
- Rev. Charles B. Taylor, A. Brownsville;
- E. G. Grossman, D. Dewitt, Mo.
- Jacob Harris, B. New Lexington;
- Lot Davis, H. Jackson;
- Charles V. Jenkins, A. Jackson;
- Samuel Bookill, A. Jackson;
- Evan D. Davis, H. Jackson;
- David Lewis, H. Jackson;
- Joe M. Young, H. Jackson;
- Stephen J. Long, H. Jackson;
- Evan Williams, H. Jackson;
- High Martin, H. Jackson;
- Wallace E. Branton, D. and M. McArthur;
- J. W. Giles, F. Flat;
- Henry Coon, A. Jackson;
- H. H. Trippe, A. Jackson Junction;
- Z. T. Hale, A. Orcon;
- Alonso Tomlinson, B. Richmondale;
- J. B. Spurrler, H. Jackson;
- Jacob Thomas, H. Jackson;
- W. A. Horn, C. Wakefield;
- James S. Horton, H. Grahamsville;
- W. L. Wallis, A. Camba;
- William McClure, A. Camba;
- Henry Jones, H. Clay;
- John J. Throckmorton, A. Jackson;
- E. R. Snowdon, H. Wellston;
- John E. Hughes, G. Jackson;
- E. Walter, G. Lincoln;
- W. R. Baker, H. Jackson;
- J. J. Butler, H. Grahamsville;
- Elisla Gifford, D. Jackson;
- Harry O. Wood, H. Jackson;
- F. Finley Rice, A. Berlin N. Road;
- Thomas W. Patterson, H. Coaton;
- J. Huntstapler, G. Gallipolis;
- Geo. M. Carter, A. Jackson;
- Conce Holcomb, G. Jackson;
- Wilson Sherritt, G. Jasper;
- James Martin, H. Jackson;
- George Corn, F. Baptsburgh;
- James Corn, F. Baptsburgh;
- Madison Carter, A. Mahabes;
- Miles Jones, H. Jackson;
- R. G. Hunter, H. Jackson;
- Wm. R. Melvin, H. Wellston;
- Louis Katenbach, D. Wellsville;
- John Darling, G. Sherritt;
- Moody Patterson, H. Rocky Hill;
- Ellis Shepherd, H. Wellston;
- Pleasant Rogers, H. Baptsburgh;
- S. L. Leach, H. Deer Creek;
- Nathaniel Rogers, F. Coaton;
- Ed. Cole, F. Schlot;
- J. D. Stockholm, F. Wallace Mills;
- Warren Dever, F. Mahabes;
- Wm. A. Stevenson, H. Clay;
- Wm. A. Steele, H. Jackson;
- Wm. F. Evans, H. Oak Hill;
- Robert Turner, H. Jones;
- David D. Williams, H. Oak Hill;
- W. W. Watts, G. Kerr;
- W. W. Roberts, H. Clay;
- R. Z. Colby, B. Oak Hill;
- A. William, A. Jackson;
- John Jenkins, A. Myrtle;
- H. C. Carter, G. Patriot;
- James Hanson, H. Samonville;
- A. J. Leonard, H. Oak Hill;
- James M. Hughes, H. Cincinnati;
- James C. Reed, H. E. Lyre;
- John L. Richards, H. Cora;
- David E. Ross, H. Cora;
- Daniel Faulkner, D. Oak Hill;
- Thomas T. Davis, H. Ashland, Ky.;
- Thos. J. Edwards, D. Jackson;
- Cyrus Jenkins, D. Rempel;
- Jackson Scofield, D. Wellston;
- Reuben Browning, H. Vago;
- Thomas Hartley, D. Lily;
- John Lemon, D. Lily;
- John Ashley, D. Lily;
- Amos B. Cole, F. Portsmouth;
- Ebenezer Evans, H. Samonville;
- Charles B. Smith, G. Jasper;
- David Chestnut, G. Jackson;
- Geo. W. Denison, C. Coaton;
- Robert Woten, F. Myrtle;
- David Rowland, D. Wellsville;
- L. H. Bingham, H. Wellston;
- S. G. Martin, H. Jackson;
- Mark Landrum, A. Jackson;
- C. J. Fortner, G. Massillon;
- Harrison Boggs, H. Steele;
- Solomon Rockwell, F. Lian.

NOTE—Where no state is given in the postoffice address, the name of the state is Ohio.

The 50th Regiment held a reunion at the Rink, commencing at 1 o'clock, opened by prayer by Chaplain, and recitation of Poem by Comrade G. A. Ewing. The following members were present:

- Jesse Wood;
- Hiram Martin;
- Geo. J. Reiterer;
- J. C. Harper;
- Wm. Fastman;
- J. C. Bingham;
- Richard Wells;
- T. J. Williams;
- John Yokem;
- Geo. Meyers;
- Jonathan E. Thomas;
- John H. Jones;
- Francis M. Hudson;
- G. A. Ewing;
- Wm. W. Hughes;
- John E. Evans;
- Thomas D. Jenkins;
- Richard D. Evans;
- Wm. Lacer;
- Wm. Lair;
- George Russell;
- Dennis Jones;
- Reese Grillich;
- John Noonan;
- Thomas Stoppen;
- Henry D. Allison;
- Wm. Morris;
- Jonathan Davis;
- Robert M. Fulton;
- Thomas White;
- Ceter Scott;
- D. W. Jones;
- Wm. Dunn;
- R. W. Thomas;
- Wm. A. Lonks;
- John Williams;
- Wm. H. Raynor;
- James Hughes;
- Aaron Hannon;
- John C. Titus;
- Geo. W. Graves;
- Wm. Evans;
- Geo. Hughes;
- John J. Brooks;
- John Bevan.

The finest styles in organs ever brought to this market, just received by Horton on South Street. Call and see them.

Our Merchant Tailor.

Among all the business men of Jackson who have gained a reputation for fair dealing, we can say, without danger of overpraising, that Mr. John A. Lloyd, our merchant tailor, holds a leading position. When you want a nice fitting, good, substantial suit of clothes, at the lowest possible price, you cannot do better than call on Mr. Lloyd. He employs only the best workmen, uses only the best goods, and can get you out a suit on the shortest possible notice. Call on Mr. Lloyd, at his elegant room, corner Main and Church Streets, Jackson, Ohio, examine his goods and be convinced.

Call on W. H. Horton on South Street for Pianos and organs.

Don't forget that the best is the cheapest—therefore, call on Horton for your pianos and organs.

If you want a Decker Bros' piano, call on W. H. Horton.

If you want one of the world renowned Estey organs, call on W. H. Horton.

The following are the names of comrades who registered at the tent before noon to-day:

- H. C. Miller, 1st O. H. A. Jackson;
- L. H. McCormick, 18th O. V. L. Rays;
- I. W. Banch, 24th O. V. L. Wellston;
- P. M. Buck, 24th O. V. L. Marietta;
- James Eckley, 24th O. V. L. Wellston;
- Will R. Melvin, 1st O. H. A. Wellston;
- P. H. Keck, 24th O. V. L. Wellston;
- F. M. Bell, 18th O. V. L. Wellston;
- J. C. B. Cobb, 18th O. V. L. Wellston;
- Joe Harris, 24th O. V. L. Wellston;
- W. C. Williams, 24th O. V. L. Wellston;
- Jesse J. Williams, 18th O. V. L. Wellston;
- T. F. Vance, 1st O. H. A. Wellston;
- Henry Stevens, 12th O. V. L. Wellston;
- I. H. Allen, 18th O. V. L. Wellston;
- Levi Grover, 18th O. V. L. Wellston;
- W. L. Fuller, 18th O. V. L. Berlin;
- W. L. Simmons, 12th O. V. L. Berlin;
- E. G. Grossman, 1st O. H. A. Dewitt, Carroll Co., Mo.

J. W. Hank, 12th O. V. L. Jackson;- Moses Miller, 24th O. V. L. Thurman;
- J. G. Farrar, 14th O. V. L. Jackson;
- Harvey Farrar, 24th O. V. L. Jackson;
- John Butts, 1st O. H. A. Jackson;
- J. M. Clay, 5th O. V. L. Anelis, O.
- Hamilton Butcher, 1st O. H. A. Athens;
- F. B. Kellison, 24th O. V. L. Waverly, O.
- Gaston Stillier, 12th O. V. L. Jackson;
- D. W. Jones, 5th O. V. L. Thurman;
- Dennis Jones, 24th O. V. L. Edina, O.
- S. H. Johnson, 7th O. V. C. Jackson;
- R. G. Colville;
- Levi Grover, 12th O. V. L. Jackson;
- W. A. McClure, Camba;
- E. J. Buckley, 14th O. V. L. Camba;
- John A. Layne, 5th O. V. L. Mabees;
- Alexander Manley, 12th O. V. L. Mabees;
- W. R. Clark, 24th O. V. L. Mabees;
- W. H. Williams, 24th O. V. L. 7th Ind. Wellston;
- L. H. Bingham, 1st O. H. A. Wellston;
- F. W. Smith, 24th O. V. L. Wellston;
- Chas. B. Taylor, 1st O. H. A.
- Sebastian Delabar, 24th O. V. L. Iron Pce.
- David T. Jones, 1st O. H. A. Camba;
- Geo. L. Hay, 1st O. H. A. Pickett;
- Henry Lewis, 24th O. V. L. Pickett;
- D. V. Allen, 18th O. V. L. Pickett;
- Geo. W. Baker, 24th O. V. L. Lily, O.
- T. Martin, 24th O. V. L. Hamden Junction;
- N. S. Ferrell, Hale's Creek;
- W. H. Conroy, 4th O. V. C. Brev. O.
- S. D. Morgan, 24th O. V. L. Coaton;
- R. B. Channell, 12th O. V. L. Enals;
- W. E. Branton, 1st O. H. A. McArthur;
- Berry Andrews, 24th O. V. L. Keystone;
- Ninety-seven sons of Veterans registered.

W. H. Horton is agent for the line of pianos and organs sold by the famous House of D. H. Baldwin & Co. of Cincinnati, the largest music house in the West. Call on Horton for prices and terms.

O. S. Miller, the veteran merchant, advertises his Boot and Shoe business in this issue. Read his advertisement elsewhere. Mr. Miller has been in business here many years and can be depended upon to do the fair thing by all his customers.

Shoninger and Hamilton organs sold on easy terms by W. H. Horton.

If you want an Estey piano go to Horton.

For Sale.

Town lots in E. Ishams addition to Jackson. Also several good dwelling houses.

S. E. MESSENGER, Church St.

If you want a J. & C. Fischer piano Horton is the man to buy of.

If you want a Haines Bros' piano call on Horton.

Saving Money.

People are saving money and securing the best by purchasing from our reasonable line of choice selections in Men's and Boys' Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods. Sternberger Bros., s. w. cor. Main and Broadway.

Reunion.

The reunion of high quality of goods and low prices has been effected by Sternberger Bros. These reunions are now being held every day at their great Clothing House. You should hear their reunion prices on Men's and Boys' Suits, Hats, Underwear, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, &c.

Do not fail to read the advertisements in this issue. We can recommend any of the advertisers to our readers.

Company Rosters.

Capt. Evans' Company, First O. H. A. Captain, Wm. J. Evans; First Lieutenant, C. Cadot; Second Lieutenant, Wm. S. Martin; First Sergeant, Lot Davis; Second Sergeant, Henry Cunningham; Third Sergeant, George W. Johnson; Fourth Sergeant, John N. Foster; Fifth Sergeant, Elijah R. Snowden; First Corporal, Samuel E. Black; Second Corporal, James Winters; Third Corporal, Stephen J. Long; Fourth Corporal, Robert D. Stephens; Fifth Corporal, Wm. W. Roberts; Sixth Corporal, Erasmus Patten; Seventh Corporal, John T. Wade; Eighth Corporal, James E. Tope; First Sergeant, Benjamin M. Yeager; Second Sergeant, Evan Williams; Tensmaster, Evan G. Evans.

Privates. Stephen Arthur, Robert Leach, George H. Arnold, Jesse Leach, Cyrus Bishop, Andrew J. Leonard, Isaac Butler, Samuel D. McGovern, Henry M. Butler, Isaac Mather, Alexander Birchfield, Wilson Wells, Wm. A. Reed, Wm. R. Melvin, John H. Rose, George McKinniss, Charles E. Brand, George McManawa, James Crawford, John H. Nall, Jeremiah Crabtree, Samuel O'Neil, Milton Crabtree, Andrew J. Powers, David Crabtree, John Rollins, James Chamberlain, George Richey, Evan Davis, James Ransom, David J. Davis, Thomas Reed, David W. Davis, Wm. R. Slaughter, John Evans, Eli Sheard, Ebenezer Evans, Levi Shiflet, David D. Evans, Solomon Shiflet, Wm. Bott, Wm. Shields, James W. Hughes, Jesse Sprout, Robert G. Hunt, H. H. Hensley, John Hill, Wm. Stephenson, Wm. J. Hooten, John B. Spurrer, John Johnson, Henry R. Walter, Miles Jones, Evan E. Williams, Henry Jones, John Whit, John D. Jones, George Wade, John E. Jones, Hiram Wyant, Jenkin J. Jones, David Wilkins, John S. Jones, Henry Wayson, Uri Keith, Wm. V. Yeager, Charles Lemons, Thomas Zaylor, Anderson Lackey.

Company C, One Hundred and Seventy-Third O. V. L.

Captain, Coleman Gilliam; First Lieutenant, Chas. Hunt; Second Lieutenant, Joseph C. Coffman; First Sergeant, John L. Thomas; Second Sergeant, Jeremiah Roach; Third Sergeant, James Hunt; Fourth Sergeant, William Phillips; First Corporal, James G. Wall; Second Corporal, James Mault; Third Corporal, William J. Kelley; Fourth Corporal, John Smith; Fifth Corporal, Samuel Belcher; Sixth Corporal, John M. Sims; Seventh Corporal, John B. Jones; Eighth Corporal, David F. Ham; Musicians, A. Warner, A. Seal; Tensmaster, R. F. Williams.

Privates. Samuel Andrew, Lawrence Jinks, John Belcher, W. F. Kinder, William H. Bruce, Joseph N. Kye, Lafayette Boggs, Evan Lloyd Sr., John H. Bruce, Evan Lloyd Jr., A. J. Blackman, Parker Love, Hezekiah Burnett, William N. Masie, William Crook, Benjamin M. Smith, Charles Cummings, H. Morrow, Patrick Cavanaugh, H. F. McKean, Gabriel Conner, Edward J. Miller, John Campbell, James McCulgan, Edward Cranston, J. Nicks, W. S. Crabtree, G. N. McArley, Thomas Crabtree, J. D. McArley, Eliza Crabtree, H. Nelson, W. H. Danner, Hiram Owen, Christopher Daniels, John Osmen, Wesley Dean, Christian B. Nichols, David D. Jones, William Polley, John D. Evans, George P. Price, John Evans, Robert Roberts, David T. Evans, Reese Reese, Evan J. Evans, Pleasant Rose, Marquis L. Foster, James H. Reed, F. Jacob Fox, Jeremiah Stratton, Marcelus Frame, William D. Shafer, James Gillen, Andrew Smith, Reuben Gaskins, J. A. Sumner, Edward Gibbs, Lewis Stinson, J. Groves, J. J. Sanders, H. A. Gause, A. J. Taylor, James Hunt, Thomas Morgan, George Ham, J. P. Thompson, Robert Hamilton, Hugh Woods, H. H. Wright, Charles Henry, M. M. Wheatcrager, J. B. Iron, W. R. Wood.

PERSONALS.

Geo. W. Cavett is here.

Hon. H. S. Bundy is here.

H. J. Fout, of Glade, is here.

Wm. Lesser, of Beaver, is here.

John Hurd, of Stan, O., is here.

S. M. Tripp of Hamden, is here.

Geo. McClary of Coaton, is here.

Frank Reed of Chillicothe, is here.

A. Stewart of Coaton, is here.

H. W. Heath of Coaton, is here.

Ed. Beatty, of Wilkesville, is here.

F. B. Kellison, of Waverly, is here.

Jim Poor came home to the Reunion.

J. D. Dye, of Maysville, Ky., is here.

J. W. Partridge of Wellston, is here.

W. B. McCloud of Wellston, is here.

D. D. Williams of Oak Hill, is here.

T. D. Williams of Oak Hill, is here.

Milton Phillips of Oak Hill, is here.

J. R. Sharp of Thurman, is here.

G. A. Dye, of Leo, is here.

G. W. Eddy, of Jasper, is here.

I. A. Poe, of Chillicothe, is here.

F. Renick, of Chillicothe, is here.

Geo. Corn, and James Corn and wife, of Rappalsburg, O., are here.

J. H. Emmel, of Chillicothe, is here.

A. B. Cole, of Portsmouth, is here.

Park Reed, of Daton, is here.

John Gardner, of Hamden, is here.

Gus Gossman, of Hamden, is working for Gus. Blechart during the Reunion.

J. M. McGhee came home this morning.

Wm. J. Kirkendall is in town.

James McLaughlin of Wellston, is here.

Jacob Thompson of Columbus, is here.

W. H. Dawson of Camba, is in town to-day.

Capt. S. D. Morgan, of Coaton, is here.

Col. W. H. Raynor, of the 56th O. V. L., is here.

Lew Watson is home to attend the Reunion.

F. J. Wolfard and wife, of Waverly, are here.

G. W. Graves, of Washington, C. H., is here.

William Shumate, of Oak Hill, is in town to-day.

Mrs. J. F. Helphensline, of Columbus, is here.

Benson Evans came home to attend the Reunion.

Nathan Potts, of Chillicothe, O., (27th O. V. L.) is here.

W. H. Enoch, of Ironton, is registered at the Gibson House.

Jas. S. Kanawalt, of the Ohio Soldier, Chillicothe, is here.

Hon. Thos. E. Powell will arrive on the 4 o'clock train, on the O. S.

Capt. Warwick of Portsmouth, came up this morning.

Mr. James Scurlcock, of Riverton, is attending the Reunion.

Miss Ida M. Foster, of Byer, O., is visiting relatives and friends here.

Johnnie Stephenson, the Jasper merchant, is here, visiting W. H. Horton.

Mrs. Sarah Reed, of Columbus, is here.

Ex-Sheriff Cherington and family, of Columbus, are here, visiting Dr. Ewing's family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Price are attending the Reunion.

Mrs. Wellington Evans and daughter, Miss Hallie, are visiting at Ruf's.

Dr. Sam McGiffin is here. We hear that the Doctor is married again.

Mrs. Hannah Edwards (Goulding) of New Straitsville, is visiting her Uncle, David Randall.

Allen Caudle, of Steubenville, is here.

Mr. S. B. Messenger, of Utica, Licking County, Ohio, is attending the Reunion. Mr. Messenger was a member of the 53d O. V. L.

Mr. W. E. Bratton, of McArthur, is attending the Reunion. Mr. Bratton was a member of the 1st O. H. A.

Mr. Tom Kelley and wife (formerly Miss Ellen Carr), of Charleston, W. Va., are attending the Reunion.

Mrs. Mary Knox Hansey is here. She will be remembered as the sweet singer, formerly of the M. E. Choir here.

Billy Trueblood, of Jasper, came in last night. Billy is as happy as he always is at Soldiers' Reunions, and that is putting it strong.

Mrs. Eliza Mackley returned from Columbus yesterday. She will perhaps remove to Columbus in a short time.

Ed. Wilson of the Ironton Register, with John A. Hunter of the sharpshooters, came down from Berlin on a freight.

THE TROPHIES OF THE WAR.

A Glance at the Captured Confederate Flags in Washington.

Recently in walking through the immense granite pile of the State, War and Navy Departments, I was taken with the curiosity to see the battle flags which have set the country in an uproar. Turning to right from the main corridor of the building on the second floor, I entered the commodious apartments of the Adjutant-General's office, and found myself confronting, at a corner desk in one of the rooms, a rather low statured man, of well-fred form and placid face, with his coat off like an ordinary clerk, bending to his work, alternately mopping the heat from his forehead and signing orders. This individual looked as little as possible like kindling the memories of a great rebellion or starting the world on flame in any quarter. The heat of the day seemed all-sufficient for his energies. All the same, it was Gen. Drum, Adjutant-General of the United States Army, whose autograph on a slip of paper addressed to Mr. Cleveland, a few weeks ago, and recommending the distribution over the country of a variety of tattered bunting in the garret of the War Office, set the country by the ears, and is likely to play a considerable role in a coming campaign for an American President. I had been told that Adj. Gen. Drum was extremely sensitive to the inquiries of visitors concerning this same bunting; any mention of the sore subject having come to act on his nerves like the flutter of certain other flags of those on a Spanish bull. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, on informing this gentleman that I had witnessed, in the old days of the rebellion, the spectacle of the arrival of many of these flags in the War Department, fresh from the battle-fields on which they were captured, and of my wish to again inspect them, at being met with the blandest of smiles and promptly put in charge of an attendant with full instructions to aid my mission.

Carried by an elevator five stories up, under the roof of the War Department, almost burning in this Washington summer weather, the key being turned by my guide in the door of an attic room, I stood an instant later in a little space, hardly more than ten feet square, nearly within reaching distance on all sides of these battered mementoes of the war, the very mention of which has set afire the hearts of sixty millions of people—a few rags saturated with the explosive wash of patriotism! But the first thought on seeing them in this pent-up space of attic is of the smallness of the cause to the size of the effect. The flags heard about the room appear at first sight only a handful at the most, but counted separately there are 750 in all, over five hundred of them being Confederate and the remainder being Federal flags recaptured from their captors. One-half of the entire number are attached to their staves as they were originally taken, the flags of the two sections being stacked in separate masses against two sides of the room, facing the other half folded and protruding from pigeon holes on the opposite walls. The sight of the Stars and Stripes keeps always familiar. But the first look at the dark red heap of the banners of rebellion, piled here against the side of the attic, blots out twenty-five years from the memory and brings back, as if it were yesterday, the red years when they waved at the head of their regiments. There is hardly a flag among them all that has not its history recorded in the book in the hands of the keeper of the room. All nearly are riddled with bullets, and many, like those carried through such battles as Wilderness and the second Bull Run, were shot literally into tatters and almost unrecognizable sprays of rag.

The contrast in the appearance of the Southern and Union standards, is significant in the history of the war. The latter are rigged on clean, polished poles, and are of firm, rich material, many of them of silk, showing an abundance in the North of the fabrics of which they continued to be made. The majority of the Confederate flags are of the wretched shoddy bunting, miserable in color, as in substance, while great numbers of them are mounted on rude, unbarbed gads and saplings, hastily cut from the woods on the march—recalling the blockade and the pinching days when war had fallen on a section without manufacture, and the intense, desperate purpose of a people who forgot seamliness and absorbed every thought but the winning of their fight.

Many of the flags lying folded in the boxes and taken out and exhibited by the Guardian of the room, recall still more vividly the narrow straits of rebellion on its last legs, being literally independent of discrimination in color and made of patches from women's dresses and undershirts of every hue and material—pitiful reminders of the Spartan poverty and courage that were still to fall of their end. There are some exceptions, however, in this store-room of battle trophies, to these mementoes of the sterner days of the war for the South. The attendant drew from the pigeon holes on the walls, and unfolded for my inspection, three or four magnificent banners of heavy silk fringed with tassels of gold and ornamented with pictures in oil and rich embroideries on a field of blue. These flags represent the early and halcyon days of the Lost Cause, when they were made by local associations of ladies and presented to the military organizations which carried them. One of those flags belonged to the Appalachian Guard, whose name is stitched in gold letters on its folds above the exultant mottoes: "In God is Our Trust!" "Our Rights We Will Maintain!" The finest of them all is the banner "presented by the ladies of Norfolk to the Norfolk Light Artillery," with an oil portrait of Washington in the center of its field, the mottoes on the reverse side being the same as those of the flag just described. The days when the Confederate armies could afford such luxury in ensigns quickly passed away, however, as is evidenced by this collection, representing every period of the war. In the beginning the rebellion the design of the flag carried by the Southern regiments was that of the Stars and Bars—two red stars and one white—changing it at a later period to a red field with the Southern Cross, resembling the British Union Jack. A study of the record kept by the War Department of the name and capture of each of these flags, though a work of days, would be of intense interest to the veteran soldiers. It would recall to him the episodes of triumph on half the fields of the rebellion. The sight of the flags themselves would do something more—quickening the heart-beats with memories of the great fight. That not a few of these standards have been the centres of personal encounter is evident from the numerous blood-stains still traceable upon them. The staves, also, are many of them ragged with the gnaw of bullets, the lead in some instances piercing their centres and remaining imbedded in the wood. Everything, in fact, in the appearance of the whole collection, as it is piled here in the narrow garret, faded and soiled and tattered, shows that these are no banners of holiday parade, but have passed through the fire and extremity of actual war—the sorrowful welshes blasted and fallen from its wrath—Philadelphia Times.

PLEASE BEAR IN MIND THAT WE ARE THE Recognized Leaders in Southern Ohio For MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S =Tailor-Made Clothing,= HATS, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS. EVERY GARMENT A PERFECT FIT OR NO SALE! FRANK J. STERNBERGER & CO., Directly Opposite Court House, Jackson, Ohio. LADIES' FIVE CLOAKS AND WRAPS A SPECIALTY!

THE TROPHIES OF THE WAR.

A Glance at the Captured Confederate Flags in Washington.

Recently in walking through the immense granite pile of the State, War and Navy Departments, I was taken with the curiosity to see the battle flags which have set the country in an uproar. Turning to right from the main corridor of the building on the second floor, I entered the commodious apartments of the Adjutant-General's office, and found myself confronting, at a corner desk in one of the rooms, a rather low statured man, of well-fred form and placid face, with his coat off like an ordinary clerk, bending to his work, alternately mopping the heat from his forehead and signing orders. This individual looked as little as possible like kindling the memories of a great rebellion or starting the world on flame in any quarter. The heat of the day seemed all-sufficient for his energies. All the same, it was Gen. Drum, Adjutant-General of the United States Army, whose autograph on a slip of paper addressed to Mr. Cleveland, a few weeks ago, and recommending the distribution over the country of a variety of tattered bunting in the garret of the War Office, set the country by the ears, and is likely to play a considerable role in a coming campaign for an American President. I had been told that Adj. Gen. Drum was extremely sensitive to the inquiries of visitors concerning this same bunting; any mention of the sore subject having come to act on his nerves like the flutter of certain other flags of those on a Spanish bull. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, on informing this gentleman that I had witnessed, in the old days of the rebellion, the spectacle of the arrival of many of these flags in the War Department, fresh from the battle-fields on which they were captured, and of my wish to again inspect them, at being met with the blandest of smiles and promptly put in charge of an attendant with full instructions to aid my mission.

A CONFEDERATE SPY.

A Man With a Remarkable Memory.

Cool and Nerry Even at the Foot of the Gallows.

[New York Sun.]

Just before Sherman advanced on his Georgia campaign, a man supposed to be a rebel spy was one day arrested in a Union camp. He was in Federal uniform, but his look and language were unmistakably Southern. He claimed to belong to a regiment in another camp about two miles away, and he was sent to the guard-house until his assertion could be verified or disproved. I was officer of the day at camp that day, and that is how I came to learn so many particulars of the affair I am relating. It was in the camp of a Wisconsin regiment that the spy, who gave his name as George Swift, was arrested. He had come there ostensibly to visit friends, but some of the boys had seen him slyly taking notes, and he had asked such questions as no private Federal soldier would have any use for. It was pretty generally understood that the Confederates were using every exertion to secure knowledge of Sherman's strength and movements, and the boys had no sooner got the idea that the stranger was a spy than they gave information to me, and I put him under arrest. I saw at a glance that he was of Southern birth. This was not so much against him, for at that time

we had plenty of Tennessee and Kentucky men with us.

"What command do you belong to?" I asked.

"The—th Illinois," he replied.

I asked what brigade and division, who was his Captain, and various other things, and he returned what seemed to be straight answers to every question. When I asked who he had come to visit in the Wisconsin regiment he was lame. He mentioned the name of a man no one had ever heard of. It was on this point alone that I held him. A messenger was down to once sent after the Illinois Captain named, and in about an hour he appeared. The supposed spy was taken to the tent of the brigade General, and as soon as brought face to face with the Captain he saluted and said:

"Captain Morton, the people here seem to think I am a rebel spy."

"And who are you?" queried the Captain, plainly astonished.

"Do you ask that?" reproachfully inquired the man. "Who should I be but George Swift, of your own company?"

"You can't be. I never saw you before in my life."

"Why, Captain Morton?"

The two men looked at each other as if doubting their own senses, and the General asked of Swift:

"How long have you been with his company?"

"Four months, sir. I came down as a recruit from Pekin."

"Who is your Orderly Sergeant?"

"Sergeant White, sir."

"Who are your commissioned officers?"

"Captain Morton, First Lieutenant Green and Lieutenant Davis. The latter is home on a furlough."

"How many men in the company?"

"Fifty-eight, sir."

"Who are your tent-mates?"

"Oscar Jackson, Thomas Parker and John Pridgeon."

"Well, Captain?" queried the General, as he turned to Captain Morton.

The Captain was clean beat. He was dead sure that no such man had been long to his company, and yet the suspect had answered every question as straight as a string.

"I'll stake my life that I never saw this man before," the Captain finally answered, "and I know every man in my company by name."

The spy was ordered to strip to his shirt, and for the first time his coolness deserted him. He reproached the Captain for permitting this indignity, but slowly disrobed. In one of his bootlegs was a pocket, and in this pocket we found a paper bearing figures as follows:

A—M—57  
C—1—1,000

There were four or five sets of these memoranda, running from one to "4d." When asked to explain the meaning of them, he said they were some old examples in algebra he had been working out with the boys. In a few minutes we were satisfied that the paper read: "Artillery in first division twenty-seven pieces." The "I" stood for infantry, and the "C" for cavalry. We were satisfied, and yet we were not, for as soon as we made it out the way I have given it to you, Swift said:

"General, Captain Morton does not seem to be a good hand to remember faces. Will you please send for the orderly sergeant and my tent mates?"

If I can't show them that I have been with Company G four months you can order me hung as a spy."

The cool proposition staggered the General. Had we discovered the paper in the man's pocket instead of his boots he would have been allowed to walk off. That discovery looked suspicious, and he was ordered back to the guard-house and the persons sent for. Two hours later he was confronted with the orderly sergeant.

"Sergeant, do you know this man?"

asked the General.

"No, sir."

"Isn't he a member of your company?"

"No, sir."

"You are dead sure of this?"

"I am, sir."

Swift actually grinned as if it were a good joke and said:

"Perhaps I have changed skins with somebody since I came out of camp this morning. Sergeant White, your given name is Thomas. You came from Chicago. You have been twice wounded. Your father was down to see you last week. You get letters from your girl in Galesburg. You are thirty-two years old. You have a brother Ben in Company E. Hear me call the roll of our company: Allbright, Allison, Andrews, Arkwright, Bement, Beamer, Bestwick, Carter, Corliss, Collins, Costigan, Cummerford—"

And the man rattled off forty or fifty names as fast as he could speak, and he got them all correct, too. The sergeant looked from his Captain to the prisoner, and then pinched himself to see if he was awake or asleep.

"I never saw him before," he finally stammered, "but he must belong to the company."

"Yes, he certainly must," added the Captain.